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WAR DEPARTMENT
SERVICE EDITION NUMBER 14.

DETECTIVE KEEN

PS 3521

.N54 D4

1918

Copy 1

A Play in One Act

BY
PERCIVAL KNIGHT ✓

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WASHINGTON

Commission on Training Camp Activities
Department of Dramatic Activities Among the
Soldiers.
1918.

copy 2

DETECTIVE KEEN
CHARACTERS

MR. RIDGEWELL, a diamond merchant.

A VISITOR.

A CROOK.

DETECTIVE KEEN.

A MAID.

CUES FOR BELLS

1. TELEPHONE:

. . . *throat of the thief.*

2. DOOR:

. . . *Martha, bring my cigars.*

3. TELEPHONE:

. . . *Yes; and this is the smoking room.*

4. DOOR:

. . . *try to be as unconcerned as possible.*

5. TELEPHONE:

. . . *Thank you, Detective Keen.*

6. DOOR:

. . . *You will be my lawyer.*

PROPERTIES

Coffee cups and service.

Cigarette box and ash tray for table up stage.

“DETECTIVE KEEN”

(Curtain rises on well-furnished hall drawing room. Telephone R. Table L. Hall passageway with hat-rack and table for visitors' cards. Door up stage L. Door down stage L. Door R. 1.)

Ready. 'Phone.

RIDGEWELL. *(At rise, discovered at table, sorting papers and making notes)* I can't understand it. *(Rises, crosses R.)* It is the most atrocious luck I ever had—\$27,000 and not a cent insured. *(Crosses L. to c.)* Eighteen years in the jewelry business and this is the first thing I ever lost. I'd just like to get my fingers around the throat of the thief.

(Telephone rings. Maid enters.)

MAID. *(Shortly after rise, simultaneously with*

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ringing of telephone, enters, stands in door with coffee on tray, unnoticed by Ridgewell, and listens attentively to everything he says on the telephone.)

RIDGEWELL. (*Goes to telephone, takes up receiver, not seeing business of Maid*) Hello, who is that? . . . Is that the private detective agency? Yes, this is Mr. Ridgewell. Good! What time are you going to send the man up? Ten o'clock sharp. Very good. What's his name? Detective Keen. Detective K-e-e-n (*Spelling it.*) (*Maid approaches Ridgewell from behind, intent on speech, and retreats through door U. L. at close of speech.*) I see. No, there is no further news. Nothing has been touched. I have obeyed the police's instructions explicitly. . . . All right, ten o'clock. Very good. I hope so, too. . . . Yes, all right, thank you very much. Good-bye. (*Crosses D. L. to corner*) That's one move in the right direction. By Jove, I hope I find it.

MAID. (*Having made keen show of facial expression throughout the telephone conversation, disappears through door as Ridgewell goes to seat, then re-enters quickly c. as if nothing had happened*) Mrs. Ridgewell wants to see you upstairs, sir. (*Places service on small table U. L.*)

RIDGEWELL. How is she, Martha?

MAID. Just about the same, sir.

RIDGEWELL. Oh, very good. I'll go straight up. (*Exit through door into dining room.*)

MAID. (*Watches him go, listening to his step, then quick as lightning crosses to telephone*) Hello! 601 Bryant. No! No. 601! (*Waits, then suddenly speaks, all very quickly*) Hello, I'm in a tight corner. Yes, I've got it, got it safe, but I can't get away. *I'm afraid to leave the house, in case the police have got me watched.* He has just rung up the detective agency, and they are sending a detective, Detective Keen. They say he is going to be here at ten o'clock to-night. If he gets here before

a.m.c. 11/19

I can get away, I am done! What shall I do? . . .
. . . Yes, yes. . . . (*Listens intently to instructions over telephone, making small comments thereto*) Good! What time can you make it? All right. Don't delay, for God's sake. No, he doesn't suspect. I am positive. You won't fail me. (*Suddenly hears step. Rings off*) Good-bye! (*Hangs up receiver and quickly makes a pretense of tidying things on table R.*)

RIDGEWELL. (*Enters and sits down at table L.*) Martha, don't forget to let Mrs. Ridgewell have her next dose of medicine at half-past ten.

MAID. Very good, sir. (*At table R.*)

RIDGEWELL. You didn't mention anything of this to your mistress, did you, Martha?

MARTHA. No, sir.

RIDGEWELL. Remember, I don't want her to know anything of it until she is thoroughly recovered, as the shock would probably put her back some days.

MARTHA. I didn't say a word, sir.

RIDGEWELL. The disappearance of this jewel is the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. (*Pause*) You know nothing of it, do you? (*Seriously.*)

MARTHA (*Astonished*) Me, sir! (*Steps L.*)

RIDGEWELL. Of course, I don't for one moment suspect you, Martha, but the whole thing seems so incredible. There were only Mrs. Ridgewell, myself and you in the house, and the electrician whom they arrested. (*Rises*) Did you know anything about that man, Martha?

MARTHA. I have only seen him here on one or two occasions, sir.

RIDGEWELL. Have you ever had any conversation together? (*Crosses R. of table*).

MARTHA. I don't understand you, sir.

RIDGEWELL. (*Apologetically*) The police had a sort of idea that if the electrician had stolen the

jewel, it might have been with your aid.

MARTHA. Good heavens, sir! I never even knew there was a jewel in the house until the police came here this morning.

RIDGEWELL. (*Sits R. of table*) I know, Martha, I know! I have no more reason to suspect you than I have to suspect Mrs. Ridgewell. And yet (*rises*) this man's record is so good (*crosses R. slowly*)—the electrical company say that he has been in their employ for seven years, and has a record of being one of the nicest and most sober employees on the staff.

(*Ready, Door-bell*).

MARTHA. That may be, sir, but I remember a case in Paris where a man worked for *nine* years in one firm to get hold of a certain amount of money. It was in the manager's safe. It took him nine years to get the combination, but one day he got the combination and the money too. But because of his long standing with the firm, every one thought him innocent, and his manager refused to prosecute him. Some years afterward, he was caught red-handed in a big robbery, and while lying in prison in Paris, confessed to the former robbery and to his having to wait nine years to accomplish it.

RIDGEWELL. Well, all I hope is if this man *has* it, he gets his just deserts. (*Crosses to chair R. of table*) Martha, bring my cigars. (*Martha crosses to R. as if going to the smoking room. Door-bell.*) Never mind the cigars, Martha. See who that is.

MARTHA. (*Who has gone to the door R., as if to leave the room for the cigars, turns to see who the visitor is*).

RIDGEWELL. (*Takes out watch*) Nine twenty-five. (*To himself*) Surely that can't be the detective. (*Crosses up, looks off c. door*).

MARTHA. Detective Keen wishes to see you, sir! (*Showing fright*).

RIDGEWELL. Detective Keen. Good. . . . Show the detective in, Martha. (*Crosses down L. of table. After Martha exits*). He is early. I thought he said ten o'clock.

MARTHA. (*Returns with detective*).

RIDGEWELL. Detective Keen?

VISITOR. (*Nods slowly*).

RIDGEWELL. The gentleman's hat and coat, Martha.

MARTHA. (*Takes hat and coat from Visitor, who looks at her intently. She hangs hat and coat on rack*).

RIDGEWELL. I did not really expect you until ten o'clock.

VISITOR. No? (*Comes down c. Looks at watch*) An early detective catches the thief! I trust I have not inconvenienced you.

MARTHA. (*Who has watched the Visitor closely from the moment of his entrance, exits L., picking up coffee service on the way*).

RIDGEWELL. Not at all, sir.

VISITOR. (*Turns back on audience, walks up stage, looking off at exit, which was used by Martha, casually*) How long have you had your maid?

RIDGEWELL. Six weeks.

VISITOR. Where did you get her?

RIDGEWELL. My wife engaged her in Paris, just before we left there.

VISITOR. French girl, eh? (*Crosses D. c.*)

RIDGEWELL. No, American.

VISITOR. I see. (*Points to Room L., the dining room*) What room is that?

RIDGEWELL. The dining room. Would you care to see it?

VISITOR. Not yet, thank you. Windows, of course.

RIDGEWELL. Yes, two.

VISITOR. Looking where?

RIDGEWELL. Onto the fire escape.

VISITOR. Back or front?

RIDGEWELL. The back of the house.

VISITOR. And that room? (*Pointing to smoking room, X-R.*)

RIDGEWELL. That is my smoking room.

VISITOR. Windows?

RIDGEWELL. Yes.

VISITOR. Onto the fire escape?

RIDGEWELL. No, no fire escape from that room.

VISITOR. Good. Now, Mr. Ridgewell (*crosses L.*), will you tell me, as briefly as possible, the details of the robbery? (*Sits at table c. on chair*). I have an appointment at ten o'clock, so I must positively leave this house at five minutes of ten. So be as brief as you can.

RIDGEWELL. (*Sits with Visitor*) My business is jewels. I am a jewelry expert. I do large valuations. I also represent the best American firms in dealing direct with the mines, or the continental houses. Twelve weeks ago I purchased, through an agent in Amsterdam, a white ruby from His Highness, the Maharajah of Soltore. I paid \$27,000 for it, on behalf of a New York millionaire.

VISITOR. And his name?

RIDGEWELL. I promised not to disclose.

VISITOR. I see (*nods*).

RIDGEWELL. I arrived in New York with the jewel six weeks ago. To-day is the 28th. I was to have handed the stone personally to my client on the first of the month, on his arrival in New York.

VISITOR. I understand you missed the stone to-day.

RIDGEWELL. Yes, sir, this morning. Last night my brother and his wife from Chicago were dining with us. They were curious to see the stone, so, during dinner, I left the table, went to the safe in my bedroom, took out the stone, and showed it to them, after which I replaced it in the safe and

locked it. This morning at ten o'clock my brother 'phoned me to bring the stone personally to him at his hotel, as he had got the impression that it was worth *more* than the \$27,000 I had paid the agent in Amsterdam. I went to the safe to take out the jewel and found it was gone.

VISITOR. Who was in the house when you missed the stone?

RIDGEWELL. My wife, who is ill in bed, our maid, and the electrician who came to repair some fixtures.

VISITOR. Had this electrician ever been in your house before? (L. U.)

RIDGEWELL. Oh, yes, he has done some repairing previous to this.

VISITOR. Immediately you missed the jewel, I take it, you 'phoned for the police?

RIDGEWELL. Yes, immediately, and they searched the house thoroughly, hunted for traces of burglars, but not a sign or clue was discovered.

VISITOR. They searched the maid's room?

RIDGEWELL. Yes, without her knowledge. They searched everything in her possession.

VISITOR. The electrician, what of him?

RIDGEWELL. The police made an informal arrest, and took him to the station to await developments.

VISITOR. Has the maid left the house since?

RIDGEWELL. No, the police left strict instructions that neither myself, my wife, nor the maid were to leave the house until further examination had been made, nor after that.

(*Ready. 'Phone*).

VISITOR. Thank you, Mr. Ridgewell. (*Rises, crosses R.*) A very interesting problem. But I don't think it is a case for the police, however. It is more a case in my own line. (*Crosses L. to D. L. C.*) I would like to examine the rooms, Mr. Ridgewell.

RIDGEWELL. (*Rises with Visitor*) With pleasure. This, as I said, is our dining room.

VISITOR. (*Crosses L. to door*) Ah, place where you eat. So that is where the three of you dined last night? (*Mr. Ridgewell crosses R., back of table. Visitor follows R., in front, till 'phone halts him*).

RIDGEWELL. Yes, and this is the smoking room. (*Telephone rings. Ridgewell goes up to it R. and picks up the receiver*) Hello! Hello! Yes, yes! No, I am Mr. Ridgewell. Who are you? Who? (*Places hand over mouthpiece—suddenly surprised, turns to Visitor*). Detective Keen!

(*Ridgewell rises and stands R. of chair, relinquishing the 'phone to Visitor*).

VISITOR. (*In a flash, goes to 'phone, listens to voice. Crosses C. Hands receiver back to Ridgewell*).

RIDGEWELL. (*To 'phone*) Ah! very good. Come right up. (*Astonished, crosses to Visitor*) What does it mean?

VISITOR. (*Clear, distinct and strong*) Mr. Ridgewell, one of the cleverest criminal plots ever attempted is about to be exposed. . . . You will answer any question this man may put to you. That is understood. There will be no danger. Leave everything to me. Pray, be seated. (*Ridgewell sits L. of table*) Try to look as unconcerned as possible. (*The bell rings at the main door. Enter Martha, crosses*) The fly comes to the spider.

MARTHA. (*Enters, goes to the door and returns*) Somebody to see you, sir.

RIDGEWELL. What name?

MARTHA. He did not give his name.

RIDGEWELL. Ask him in. (*Rises*).

VISITOR. Remember all that I told you.

MARTHA. (*Goes to door, returns with Crook. She closes door behind him and walks to kitchen, watching the newcomer suspiciously over her shoulder, and slowly exits to the kitchen*).

CROOK. (*As Martha exits, he watches her dramatically, follows her slowly to kitchen, looks*

off into room, and returns to C. He adopts a non-chalant, gruff manner, not even removing his hat, but throwing it on the back of his head) I didn't give my name, sir. I knew you were expecting me. I am Detective Keen. (*Crosses to Visitor*).

RIDGEWELL. (*Crosses to R. of table*) As I thought. I am Mr. Ridgewell.

CROOK. How do you do? Glad to meet you. (*Crosses L. to Ridgewell. Shakes hands*) And this? (*Nods toward Visitor*).

RIDGEWELL. Oh, that is a friend of mine. (*Crosses to L. of table*).

CROOK. (*Goes over to Visitor, takes his hand*) Glad to meet you. (*As the Visitor's hand is in his, he looks at the ring the Visitor is wearing and smiles slightly*) Are you, like Mr. Ridgewell, a jeweler, too?

VISITOR. No, no, but I handle quite a lot of jewelry.

CROOK. Expensive habit.

VISITOR. Yes, for those who do not understand it. (*An inconvenient pause between the men*).

CROOK. Ah, quite so. (*After a sarcastic smile, turns to Ridgewell*). You 'phoned to our detective agency to-day.

RIDGEWELL. (*L. of table*) Yes.

(*During dialogue between Crook and Ridgewell, Visitor crosses up and stands above the table and watches everything the Crook does*).

CROOK. And laid some information before the chief about a robbery that was committed here this morning.

RIDGEWELL. Yes.

CROOK. A valuable stone was taken from this house. What was its value?

RIDGEWELL. I paid \$27,000 for it, but personally I put the value at about \$30,000.

CROOK. Just give me a brief outline of the rob-

bery, please. (*In a rather amateurish way, starts to make notes as Ridgewell continues his narration*).

RIDGEWELL. I had the stone in a drawer of my safe. The safe is in my bedroom.

CROOK. Bedroom? The place where you sleep! (*With point. Writing also*).

RIDGEWELL. Last night my brother and his wife came in to see the jewel.

CROOK. What business is your brother in, Mr. Ridgewell?

RIDGEWELL. He is a jeweler in Chicago.

CROOK. Chicago? Um, a dangerous place for a jeweler. (*Writes*) Is he in the city now?

RIDGEWELL. Oh, yes. I showed the stone to my brother last night at dinner, after which I locked it in the safe and took the key with me.

CROOK. How did you come to find out that the stone was gone?

RIDGEWELL. Well, about ten o'clock this morning, when I was departing for my office, my brother caught me on the 'phone and asked me if I would mind taking the stone down to his hotel, as he would like to make a personal valuation of it. He thought it was worth more than I had paid for it. I said I would do so, and rang off. I went to my bedroom, unlocked the safe, and was positively dumbfounded to find the stone—was gone.

CROOK. (*Correcting him*) Taken!

RIDGEWELL. (*Smiling slightly*) Taken! (*Saying after him*).

CROOK. (*Turns R.*) Taken. Are you sure the stone was not misplaced in the safe?

RIDGEWELL. (*Steps R.*) I am positively certain. The police searched the safe and its contents from top to bottom.

CROOK. Did you send for the police immediately?

RIDGEWELL. Naturally.

CROOK. Did anybody enter the house between last night's dinner and the time you missed the jewel?

RIDGEWELL. One man, an electrician.

CROOK. An electrician? (*Writes. Takes step R.*)

RIDGEWELL. Who came to repair some fixtures. (*Takes step R.*)

CROOK. Repair some fixtures. (*Makes note*) Are you a married man, Mr. Ridgewell?

RIDGEWELL. Yes, my wife is ill in bed and knew nothing of the robbery whatever. I am afraid to break the news to her in her weak condition.

CROOK. This electrician you mentioned—what has become of him?

RIDGEWELL. The police arrested him on suspicion and he will be kept under close observation until further developments. (*Starts to turn away*).

CROOK. Who else was in the house at the time of the robbery?

RIDGEWELL. (*Turns back R.*) As I said, my wife, myself and the maid.

CROOK. Take the maid first. How long has she been in your employ?

RIDGEWELL. We brought her from Paris with us six weeks ago.

CROOK. French?

RIDGEWELL. On the contrary, she is an American.

CROOK. (*Whistles. Ridgewell crosses L. of table*) Is that so? (*Going up stage, looks off L. U. E., then returns*) You will pardon my saying so, but your maid's face is familiar to me. I only got a glimpse of her. I should like to question her. Would you be kind enough to ask her in here?

RIDGEWELL. Certainly. (*Rings bell*) I am afraid she knows very little of the case. (*Sits*).

CROOK. We shall see. (*As he says this, he passes Visitor and sarcastically smiles at him. Goes up*

stage into little hallway, slyly hiding behind curtains).

MARTHA. (*Slight pause. Enters c.*) Yes, sir?

RIDGEWELL. Martha, the detective here wishes to ask you one or two questions.

MARTHA. (*Looks scared*) Me, sir! (*As she exclaims, the Crook quietly walks down behind her, unobserved, so that he is practically speaking over her right shoulder*).

CROOK. Yes, you are not afraid of detectives, are you?

MARTHA. (*Jumps as she hears his voice so near her*) No, sir. (*Endeavoring to smile*).

CROOK. I thought not. Let me see, how long were you in Paris before Mr. and Mrs. Ridgewell engaged you?

MARTHA. A few months.

CROOK. What was your occupation?

MARTHA. Companion.

CROOK. Who to?

MARTHA. A French lady.

CROOK. Her name?

MARTHA. The Countess Larney.

CROOK. There is no such countess.

MARTHA. There is.

CROOK. It's a lie. (*Pause*) The Countess Larney is an assumed name. Do you know her real name?

MARTHA. (*Obstinately*) No!

CROOK. Is that so? Do you mean to tell me you have never heard of Madame Galmont?

MARTHA. What!

CROOK. The lady of the heel. (*Ridgewell looks at Martha*).

MARTHA. Why! I—I don't know what you mean.

CROOK. We shall see. The shoes you are wearing—were they made in Paris?

MARTHA. Why?

CROOK. I repeat—were they made in Paris?

MARTHA. No, New York.

CROOK. Would you mind my seeing one?

MARTHA. Why should you?

CROOK. Because I think they were made in Paris.

MARTHA. What if they were?

RIDGEWELL. (*Appealingly*) Martha, let the detective see the shoe.

MARTHA. (*Appealingly*) But he has no right to, sir.

CROOK. The shoes, please.

MARTHA. (*Takes off her left shoe and hands it to Crook*).

RIDGEWELL. (*Turns slightly away, puzzled*).

CROOK. (*Examines shoe*). As I thought, Parisian.

RIDGEWELL. (*Looks back again*).

MARTHA. (*While the Crook is examining the shoe, she changes the right shoe to the left foot*).

CROOK. (*Examines the heel, then returns the left shoe to her*) Now the other one. (*He turns away and makes a comment to Visitor*).

MARTHA. (*Gives him back the left shoe*).

CROOK. (*Takes shoe, examines it, smiles*) Two lefts. Let me have the other shoe, the right shoe, the one that's left.

MARTHA. (*Gasps quickly. She then relinquishes the right shoe to him*).

CROOK. (*Takes the shoe and gradually unloosens the heel with his fingers. Ridgewell turns and faces Crook*) Now, Mr. Ridgewell, would it surprise you very much if I should hold in my hand the lost jewel? (*Holds up shoe in left hand*).

RIDGEWELL. The jewel!

VISITOR. (*Slowly walks down to Crook and watches him*).

CROOK. Yes, watch! One little turn of the heel — (*He slowly unscrews heel and shakes out stone in his hand*) I knew it! (*Holds up stone*)

This, I believe, is the white ruby.

PICTURE

RIDGEWELL. Great heavens!

VISITOR. (*Sarcastically*) Marvelous!! (*Crosses up stage to door*).

RIDGEWELL. (*Shows expression of delight*).

MARTHA. (*Starts to move slowly up toward door to Visitor*).

CROOK. (*To Martha. Puts stone in his pocket*) One moment, my girl, we'll put these on. (*Hand-cuffs Martha*) Now, Mr. Ridgewell, what time is it?

RIDGEWELL. (*Looking at watch*) Seven minutes to ten.

CROOK. At fifteen minutes after ten I want you to be at the 54th Street Station to identify the jewel. I will be there to receive you.

RIDGEWELL. (*Starts to protest—L. of table*) But the jewel, I

CROOK. It will be safe with me. I must keep it until the official claiming. In the meantime, I will take my prisoner to headquarters. Come along, my girl. (*He takes Martha by wrist and is about to exit with her through main door, when the Visitor stands in doorway, with his gun in his right hand, resting over his left, carelessly holding both up*).

VISITOR. Why the hurry?

CROOK. Who are you?

VISITOR. I repeat, why the hurry?

CROOK. And I repeat, who are you?

VISITOR. Since you are so persistent, I must tell you. My name is Keen—Detective Keen.

CROOK. Trapped!

(*Ridgewell reaches R., crosses from D. L. to C. between Visitor and Crook. Martha and Crook go D. S., left, in a state of absolute terror*).

VISITOR. (*Commands situation*) Mr. Ridgewell,

this gentleman has a weakness for jewelry. Be good enough to present him with these bracelets. (*Takes handcuffs out of pocket, presents them to Ridgewell, who puts them on Crook's wrists. Ridgewell, in doing so, is a little scared*).

VISITOR. They have a very embracing clasp. Put them on with great care. (*Ridgewell looks at Visitor, frightened*) He is perfectly safe. (*Covers all with his revolver*) Now then, the ruby. Take it from his inside pocket. (*Ridgewell takes ruby from Crook's inside pocket. Business*).

VISITOR. That's right. (*Ridgewell gives sign of delight at holding jewel in his hand again. Goes D. R.*) (*To Martha and Crook*) My friends, I may be going over to Paris in a few days. I wish to have the address of Madame Galmont.

MARTHA. (*Makes motion as if to speak. Crook stops her with a gesture*).

VISITOR. I repeat, I may call on Madame Galmont. Will you be so kind as to give me her address in Paris?

(*Martha makes another movement in front of Crook, as if to tell Visitor*).

CROOK. (*Nudges her again*). Quiet!

(*They hold Picture*).

(*Ready. 'Phone*).

VISITOR. Oh, very well, the police have a way of compelling people to answer questions. They will attend to you later. Mr. Ridgewell, I shall take these folks down to headquarters. I shall not relinquish this case until I have arrested the entire gang. In the meantime, Mr. Ridgewell, it is important that we keep watch on your office premises. I understand there is a very valuable collection in your office. Your place of business is on Broadway, is it not?

RIDGEWELL. Yes, 171 Broadway.

VISITOR. The first floor, I believe.

RIDGEWELL. Yes.

VISITOR. The janitor's name is? . . .

RIDGEWELL. Clark.

VISITOR. Oh, Clark, of course. I think I know him. I shall make it my particular business to visit your office.

RIDGEWELL. Thank you, Detective Keen.

(Telephone rings. Ridgewell starts to answer 'phone).

VISITOR. No! No! No! Be careful! Leave it to me. *(Goes quickly to telephone—sits)* Hello! Yes! Yes, this is Mr. Ridgewell. . . . *(Ridgewell starts to take 'phone from Visitor, who stops him with a stare)* I am Mr. Ridgewell. Yes, who are you? Who? Detective Keen! *(Hastily putting his hand over mouthpiece, smiles).*

RIDGEWELL. Detective Keen!

(The following played rapidly).

CROOK. We are done for.

MARTHA. The three of us.

RIDGEWELL. What does it mean?

VISITOR. Silence!! *(Pause. He then talks in customary manner over telephone)* Hello! Is that you? Yes, somebody cut us off. Why, certainly, come right up, second floor. Detective Keen. *(Hangs up receiver, crosses D. R.)*

RIDGEWELL. Who was it? *(Crosses toward table D. C.)*

VISITOR. Another of the gang.

RIDGEWELL. *(Crosses D. L.)* What!

VISITOR. *(Laughs)* My luck's in to-day.

RIDGEWELL. What are you going to do? *(Below table, D. L.)*

VISITOR. *(Puts hand over eyes, goes up stage)* Let me see! Let me see! *(Goes suddenly over to Crook and says fiercely)* Listen to me. Get into that room there. *(Points L.)* You can't get away. I have got my men on watch. Stay in that room. Don't move, but stay until I am ready for you.

(*Crook laughs.*) (*Ready. Doorbell.*)

There is nothing to laugh at. When I laugh, that'll be time for you to begin something. (*Martha and Crook start to exit to kitchen. To Martha*) Come here—you! (*Quickly tears off her handcuffs. Crook exits.*)

VISITOR. When the doorbell rings, you will open the door to your new confederate. Don't give him a sign. Remember, your signs are my signs. When he has entered, you go into that room and keep silent. Mr. Ridgewell, you and I must change places. When this man enters, show no fear. Treat me as the master of the house. I shall be Mr. Ridgewell. You will be my lawyer. (*The bell rings.*) (*To Martha*) See who it is. I've got the gang at last. (*Crosses D. R.*)

MAID. (*Goes to door, brings card on salver.*)

VISITOR. (*Intercepts her, reads card.*) Ah, yes, ask him in. (*To Ridgewell, L. Goes on talking to Ridgewell.*)

MAID. (*Ushers real Detective Keen in.*)

VISITOR. (*Goes over to Detective Keen and shakes hand, D. C.*) Dow do you do?

KEEN. Mr. Ridgewell?

VISITOR. Yes.

KEEN. I am Detective Keen.

VISITOR. Oh, Detective Keen! I am glad you have come. I suppose you have got some details of the robbery from your agency.

KEEN. Yes, a few. I would prefer to learn your version. Kindly give me full particulars, Mr. Ridgewell.

VISITOR. Certainly. . . . Mr. Radner, this is Detective Keen. . . . Mr. Radner is my lawyer. We have had some business to discuss and are nearly through. We won't take long. Would you care to wait in the smoking room? (*Casually takes Keen's arm and walks him to door*) This way. Help yourself to cigars or cigarettes. There is a

highball in there, too. . . . Make yourself at home.

KEEN. Thank you, Mr. Ridgewell. (*Exits D. R.*)
(*Ridgewell sits L. of table.*)

VISITOR. (*Turns to Ridgewell.*) Oh, Mr. Radner, about this Michigan property. (*Quickly takes out a vial of chloroform and handkerchief and works it all through this*) Wouldn't it be advisable to write to Chicago and tell the agents that they can close the matter? I consider their offer satisfactory and I am thoroughly convinced of the advisability of selling out. . . . You think so?

RIDGEWELL. Oh, yes.

VISITOR. Good. You can do that to-morrow. (*Puts vial away*) Excuse me. (*Calling*) Oh, Detective Keen! . . . We'll chat in here. (*Going toward door*) I'll tell you all I can of the robbery. (*Going in*) Take that high arm chair there. . . . That's right. (*Spoken off stage. He gags Keen with chloroformed handkerchief. Pause. Scream. Silence. He rushes out, slams door. Puts his back to door, laughs aloud.*) Ha! ha! Got him! Got 'em all! It's the best thing I ever pulled off. (*Puts hand on gun in hip pocket*) Little did I think, when I came here to-night, that I'd hand you the white ruby. (*Goes over to Ridgewell, smiling*) Little did you think that to-night you'd stand face to face with three of the greatest crooks in Europe. (*Crook and Martha enter. Puts gun to Ridgewell's head. Standing back of Ridgewell, Crook on left, Martha right.*) Speak, and it's your finish! (*Crook holds him up on the other side.*)

RIDGEWELL. My, God!

CROOK. Cut the wire.

(*Martha cuts 'phone wire.*)

VISITOR. The ruby—where is it?

CROOK. (*Takes jewel from pocket.*)

RIDGEWELL. Who are you?

VISITOR. You want to know who I am? I'll show you who I am. (*To Martha*) Open that door.



(*Pointing R. Martha opens door. Detective Keen falls out and sinks on floor, c.*) If you want to know who I am, ask your dopey friend there!

RIDGEWELL. (*L., below table*) What does it all mean?

(*Martha and Crook move up to center door*).

VISITOR. Ask him, Detective Keen.

RIDGEWELL. (*Crosses R. of table*) Then who, in Heaven's name, are you?

VISITOR. (*Business of taking fob and pin*) That's *his* business to find out. Good-night, Mr. Ridgewell. (*Laughs*) I may call on your business house one day. I'll drop you a line to say I'm coming. I *shan't* leave a stone unturned. Good-night! (*Laughs*) Good-night!

CURTAIN.